4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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queries about their personal affairs seem to them extremely bad taste. The Papago like privacy and respect the same desire for it in others.

Despite their quiet and controlled behavior, there is nothing somber or morose about the Desert People nor do they lack interest in what goes on around them. They are extremely observant and curious about details. With their friends they gossip constantly, but to be vindictive or to show off is not regarded with approval.

Though the reserve with which Papago greet a white stranger is often called "stolid" by people who do not know them, facial expressions are pleasant. Among themselves they laugh at the endless joking that goes on among family members, over a comic incident, a child's improper behavior, a misstatement, or their own embarrassment. They love to sing, and, in any Papago group, smiles and laughter are constant accents to conversation.

Gifts serve as acknowledgment among the Desert People for their language has no phrase for "thank you"; too, they give because they like giving, and the person who does not is thought to be not quite Papago.

THE DESERT

It is no wonder that the Papago were not pushed off their land as were many other Indians. This area is one of the hottest and driest in the country, a land in which, with experience and hard work, a family can make a living; but it offers little in the way of surplus.

The Papago country, often referred to by its Spanish name of Papaguería, is a part of what natural scientists call the Lower Sonoran Desert, an area extending north and east to the Mongollon Rim in Arizona, westward into southeastern California, and southward along the western coast of Sonora and Sinaloa in Mexico. It is characterized by a basin and range topography, extreme drought and torrential rainfall, and great changes in daily and seasonal temperatures. A series of small ranges of rugged mountains run roughly northwest to southeast, with wide alluvial valleys marked by networks of washes or arroyos.[4] Elevation of valley floors varies from 1,400 to 2,600 feet, but the mountains on the whole are not high enough to affect raintall except for the Baloquivaris on the eastern edge, where the tallest peak reaches 7,740 feet and seems to keep all the surrounding desert under its eye.

Rainfall in Papaguería is not only scarce but unpredictable. Rains come in the winter months and again from July through September. The gentle winter rains fall steadily over the whole area, sometimes for several days at a time,

4. A wash or arroyo is a stream channel which carries water only after the rains. Water rushing down the wash rapidly covers adjacent lands in what are known as flash floods.

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brought along. Reaching the saint requires stamina and patience, for every inch of the building is crowded, and worshipers wait hours in line. Eventually the family push through to the transept to touch the *santos* and ribbons to the saint, to kneel and kiss the recumbent statue of St. Francis Xavier, and to make a donation. At last they make their way out of the church.

If there is a baby whom they wish baptized that he may have special good fortune, they must once again wait in a long line to take him to the priest in the baptistry. The priests, when they are free, are also asked to bless the ribbons and *santos* which will be, twice-blessed, so carefully carried home again.

The object of the pilgrimage is accomplished: they have renewed their relationship with San Francisco and assured themselves of his good offices during the coming year.

At the end of the festival week—or earlier if their money is all gone—the Papago family starts the long trip home. A day or two after their return relatives who did not go call to hear about the journey. Each visitor solemnly shakes hands with each pilgrim, crosses himself with the sacred objects brought from Magdalena, and receives around his neck one of the consecrated ribbons, which will bring him the blessing of San Francisco and good health during the year. Gifts are distributed, events of the journey are discussed, and visitors are feasted. The exciting days have passed, but they will be the subjects of talk and meditation for months to come, and the ribbons will be worn until they fall apart.

RITES FOR THE DEAD

Sonora Catholics, and some members of the Roman church as well, have several rites for the dead which have probably come up from Mexico. One is the ceremony on the death anniversary. On this day relatives and friends of the deceased gather, and the women sing and pray until midnight. Then a tiny coffin placed before the family altar is covered with confetti in a symbolic interment. The relatives change their mourning clothes for garments of bright colors; the guests are fed, and the ritual year of mourning is ended.

All Souls' Day is carefully observed. Graves are cleaned and decorated with wreaths and burning candles. In the evening a table is placed outside each house, with a place set for each of the dead of the immediate family. The favorite foods of the deceased load the tables, and candles are lighted on them. Then the family leaves, so that the dead may eat without endangering the living. At midnight the food is taken to the feast house, reheated, and eaten by all the people of the village.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
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having had to be abandoned because a Papago woman during a rainy night had slept there. According to the notions of many primitive people, she was at the time unclean, and became the cause of the building of a new lodge. At the native cemetery many makai have been interred who on feast occasions are invited to take part with the living.

The old man's son had married a woman who was reputed to be a prophet—a female makai, with whom the principal men from Quitovac and other localities at times consulted. She looked about thirty years old and had been totally blind for three years. According to her own account, she had previous to her blindness suffered for a year from violent headache and pain in the eyes. I have seen Indians made blind through small-pox, their eyes covered in a similar way with large whitish spots over the iris. In the house of this couple were held the nightly meetings that usually took place at the new medicine lodge, as the latter had been temporarily profaned by the interference of an ox that had browsed and torn the straw of which its dome-shaped roof was composed.

I proposed to my Papago interpreter, Clemente, that we should attend that evening, as nothing worse could happen to us than to be told that our presence was not desired. A brisk fire was burning as we entered, making the interior look attractive though there was no outlet for the smoke except through the door. Several mats had been spread on the earthen floor around the fire for the participants to sit upon. Two were placed for Clemente and me, on which we immediately seated ourselves, thus

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
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being able to breathe freer in the lower stratum of air. As soon as all were seated, including members of the family, the old medicine-man took the word. Without further formality he began to tell about the creation of the world by Elder Brother Íitoi and about the deluge. After having dwelt on these themes for half an hour or more, he asked my interpreter if I believed the world was created as the Papago believe, or if I entertained the belief of the Mexicans. Clemente very diplomatically answered that he had never asked me of my beliefs. The lore of the tribe arouses strange feelings even in a civilized Papago, for an Indian is nothing if not religious, and Clemente became eloquent, confessing at the start that he, having been brought up among Mexicans, knew little of his own religion. A man of position from Quitovac, on a visit to La Nariz, expressed his opinion that surely all nations have different religions and different gods, and the Papagoes were contented to have theirs, Íitoi.

Among the Indians who were serviceable here was a man of slightly darker complexion than usual, but tall and of very fine appearance, as evidenced in his name, Rainbow. His family were also nice and in his house I felt at home, changing films for my camera in the cool shade of the dwelling and even photographing the inmates. With him I visited ancient fortifications on the dark looking hill, of igneous origin, hardly four hundred feet high, which gave La Nariz its name. Where the trenches begin, about half-way up, there is a large stone as high as a man's chest; on its flat top were small artificial excavations in a row, each looking like the inside of a cup,